

Daily Democrat

The Federal Prisoners in Richmond.
Corporal Merrill continues his narrative in the Rochester Express. We quote:

A DISCOVERY.

At one extremity of the room, on the second floor, was a small enclosure, which had formerly been used as an office, and in which the proprietors of the manufactory had stored a quantity of tobacco, and a barrel of sweetened rum used for flavoring the tobacco. The door of this enclosure had been nailed up, but some reconnaissance throughout had established the fact above noted. A saw was accordingly manufactured from an old case-knife, and with this rough implement an entrance was effected, and the contents of the room "consecrated" for the benefit of loyal citizens. I am confident that some of the prisoners appropriated a sufficient quantity of "Old Virginia Twiss" to meet their necessities for many months, and to the "westward ram," it is not to be wondered at that after such long abstinence there should have been an excess of "rapure" at this unexpected discovery.

A PUNISHMENT.

Sergeant Wurtz was not long in ascertaining that the "dam Yankees," as he invariably termed them, were in unusual "spirits," and upon detecting their belligerency and degradations, he fell into a paroxysm of rage, and demanded the names of the ringleaders. His investigation was unsuccessful, and, as usual, he determined to punish all. In this individual has some new invention for "fixing" to the ordinance department and get them to investigate it, and I will recommend it, I will be glad to see it adopted."

A COLONEL WITH A GREEN UNIFORM ON

has some passes he wants to read: "Are you an army officer?" "Yes, sir." "Then you cannot be heard to-morrow; come and see me then!"

The New War Administration HOW SECRETARY STANTON DISPATCHES BUSINESS.

A Washington letter in the Philadelphia Inquirer describes some interesting scenes at the War Department, under the administration of Mr. Stanton:

A BRIGHT BOY.

A small, bright-eyed boy, all alone, was trying his way through the crowd, and the Secretary turned to him and asked what he wanted. "I want my father, he has not come home with the rest." He gave his name and regiment; it was noted, and the Secretary, lifting him up, kissed him upon the forehead, and said: "Your father should be proud of such a noble boy, and I will see that he is released."

HOW OFFICERS ARE RECEIVED.

A man, with a half military dress, says he has been wronged by the examining Board, and has been deprived of the command of his regiment (a Philadelphia cavalry regiment). "Sorry, sir, if it is not all right, I cannot go back to investigate the acts of my predecessor." The colonel insisted that the case was a plain one, if he could be heard: "Well," said the Secretary, "if you will get the officers to reconsider it, I will then listen to it."

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THE CONTRACTORS.

A large and well dressed man wanted a word in private. "What about?" "A little matter about a contract he had on horses. "Cannot interfere, sir, go to Gen. Meigs. If there is anything wrong, he will rectify it." Another succeeds in getting him off to the side of the room, and the conversation is insidious until the Secretary replied: "No, sir, on no account will I interfere in any contract, while I am here, for anything from a thumb up. There are men appointed to attend to that department, and I shall hold them to a strict accountability for every action."

RELEASED PRISONERS.

Two soldiers wanted to be paid for the time they were in confinement at Richmond, having just been released, and presented a bill for which they had received a week ago, and also an order for their pay for time and rations. "Why do you not take this to Major Beckwith, and have him attend to it?" "We did, sir, and he says he has no order that will cover our case, and for want of forms we are afraid we will be kept here until one is up, and we want to go again." "Come along with me, and see that it is again." "Thank you for this, sir, and I will endeavor to write to Major Beckwith, and order him to attend to it." "I will do it myself, and said, "Here, take that to him, and bring an answer."

In came Major Beckwith, with a note sent by the returned prisoners. "Why are those men confined?" "Because I have no order for their special case."

"Mr. Wilson, issue an order that will cover all the prisoners that may be released in future, and allow them full pay for every day, that are confined in the prison Major. I have just learned there are over one hundred and fifty now waiting for their pay; every man must be paid to day, and speed them on to their homes."

TOO FAR BACK.

A soldier, in the uniform of a sergeant, handed in a recommendation for a first lieutenantcy in an artillery corps. "Well, said the Secretary, "you have ever smelt powder in battle?" "Not exactly, sir, but I have always been ready to go into the Mexican war." "Can't help the Mexican war," said Mr. Stanton, "that is too far back. You have been in any engagement in this war?" "No, sir. All I want is a chance to get in one. You can appoint me, and if you don't like it, I won't charge a cent extra pay, if I can only get the commission." The Secretary laughed, said his cause would be considered, and he would be informed if the appointment was made.

The Inquirer's correspondent adds: And so it went on for five hours, in which he saw and heard all who came, pleasantly, and none went away but were pleased with their entertainment, and most of them had their hearts made glad. Over two hundred were listened to in this short time.

A Scene after the Battle.

The following is an extract from a letter of L. F. Drake, chaplain of the 31st Ohio regiment, to the Western Christian Advocate:

I went to the camp of the 10th Indiana regiment, where the dead and many of the wounded were; and at the request of Capt. Hoagland, I visited some of the houses and tents where the wounded of both armies were, and all who could to alleviate their sufferings. At half past ten o'clock I lay down to rest, and slept a short time, but the groans of the wounded and dying reached my ears, and pierced my heart, and I could not sleep. In a short time Dr. Linnett, and a Mr. O. D. from Lancaster, Ohio, came in to sleep in the tent I was occupying. One of them remarked that there was a wounded soldier in an old blacksmith shop, who was desirous of seeing a chaplain. I arose from my couch, and after wading my way through the mud and wet, I found the shop, and, to my utter surprise, I found the soldier, who was mortally wounded, and was lying upon the floor. Some of them a short time, he received peace and pardon. I then asked him what regiment he belonged to. Said he, "I am your enemy, but we will be friends in Heaven." He then requested me to write to his grandfather in Paris, Tennessee, who is a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, and inform him of his condition, and his being prepared to die in the full triumph of faith. I promised to do so, and the other soldier, who was mortally wounded, and a few were not. After conversing and praying with one of them a short time, he received peace and pardon. I then asked him what regiment he belonged to. Said he, "I am your enemy, but we will be friends in Heaven." He then requested me to write to his grandfather in Paris, Tennessee, who is a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, and inform him of his condition, and his being prepared to die in the full triumph of faith. I promised to do so, and the other soldier, who was mortally wounded, and a few were not. After conversing and praying with one of them a short time, he received peace and pardon. I then asked him what regiment he belonged to. 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